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The Pinkerton Critic

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Pinkerton Academy Derry, N. H.

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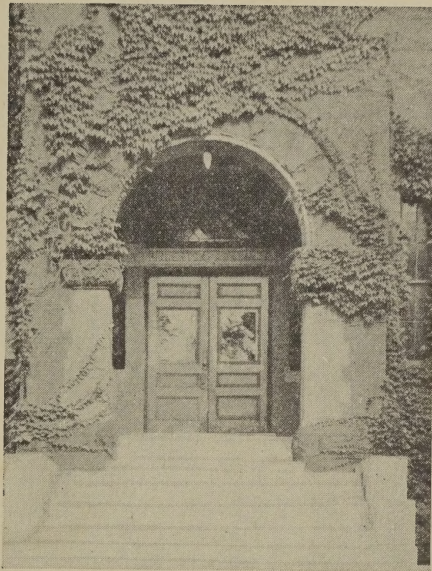
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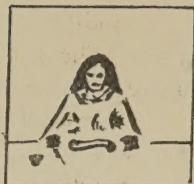
-- Pinkerton --



DERRY VILLAGE,
N. H.



EDITORIAL



THE OLD AND THE NEW

The present, in order to go forward, has to stand on the shoulders of the past.

This is the theme of this Christmas issue of the Critic, which endeavors to turn back the pages of Pinkerton's school magazine and reveal to the student body of today some of the early characteristics of a publication representative of the school.

Our cover was first used in 1905—very typical of the flowery design used at that time. It gives one the feeling of looking at something important and scholastic.

As for its contents, even then the value of the old was recognized. In the February issue of 1908 there appeared in the literary section of the Critic an article entitled "The Old and the New" by Edna A. Clark. Listen to her description of Pinkerton Academy then, quote:

"How distinctly I can see that old room now, with its cracked ceiling, yellow paint, much worn desks, big box stove, and, on the platform, the Principal's desk, one or two yellow settees, the wheezy cabinet organ, and in one corner our library consisting of a dilapidated set of encyclopedias, a dictionary and a few well-worn books in one bookcase. Someone has defined a university as consisting of a professor and a log to sit upon. If our school equipments were then after that order, both professor and log served well their purpose, for the instruction was good."

Contrast that description with our present modernly equipped and efficient sewing room and note the difference. But—the former was the foundation. Many thanks to the spirit of Miss Clark and her compatriots, for it was that spirit that formed the basic element upon which our school was built.

Another point of interest in this issue is the aged Crow—or Father Crow—who again reports class activities with the same vigor and intensity he exercised years ago. He serves as another link in our chain binding together the old and the new.

This publication in itself, has a chief factor in the life of the school, for all through the years the Critic has continually recorded the highlights of school interests.

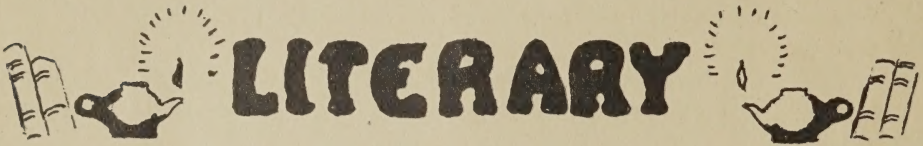
The editorial staff is especially proud to be able to print in this issue a poem entitled, "My Hope for America" by Miss Lois Wilson, class of '38. This poem won a prize of five dollars in the American Youth Forum contest sponsored by the American Magazine in 1938. Miss Wilson was one of the 231,384 students throughout the United States who entered this contest, to receive a cash award.

In addition there are two essays, "The America I Want" by Ruth Brooks '38 and "The America I Want" by Robert Holden Ex '40, both of which won honorable mention in the same contest.

Congratulations to them! We feel privileged to have the honor of printing these worthy contributions which have brought a certain amount of honor to our school.

And so, in this issue which we present at the close of the old year and the beginning of the new, we look forward to the coming days confident in our knowledge that in the past we have built up a foundation from which we now, and in the future, may gain strength, and upon which we may stand.

The Editor



MY HOPE FOR AMERICA

Too many lives
Are given. For a cause unknown and scarce remembered
When the clash of steel on steel
Obliterates the purpose.
And makes way only for the lust of blood.

Too often have I seen the look of blank, inhuman fear
Etched upon the face of one hapless being
A pawn in the game to the unending strife of war
Bitter and uncertain.
Though sure of one thing only—death.

America?
Rough, untamed, a little gaudy,
But strong.
In strength possessing all the virtues
Of nations older, wiser and more skilled in arts of state.

Aged patriarchs
Mellow, and possessed of wisdom far beyond their years.
Such wisdom as theirs has taken eons for the world to have and hold.

Tranquil lakes, deep valleys, all of nature's best—
We ask but little. Peace and time in which to make men—
Strong and rich in love for progress
Not alone success or power.
The world has had too much of that.
In persons of dictatorships
Those "little corporals who would be kings."

But rather understanding of the faults of common men,
A greater tolerance—
And greater sympathy for those misguided ones,
Who think that by renouncing faith, respect and justice, they
Will benefit the world in time to come.

Is it too much to hope that life can soon become
In this, our country of a million gems
Full of things much better than those known before?
Our span of life on earth
Is short.
Why cannot this be our one aim
To make, through effort honest and sincere,
America, the country of our dreams?

Fulfillment of a dream, is, in itself,
Miraculous.
But dreams fulfilled by men
Are real. And lie within the scope of our endeavor,
As one people, one nation, and one creed,
Established for a purpose greater than we know.

Do you remember that great man,
Who triumphed over death, humiliation and disgrace,
And lives immortal now
As one who made his dream come true?
He freed the slaves.
And started this, our country
On its destined path
Of freedom, justice
And of liberty for all.

So then, may we,
In justice and equality,
Have strength to make America
In truth, the home of the brave
And the land of the free.

Lois Wilson '38

THE AMERICA I WANT

We the people and the youth of the United States or the New World, as it was known to our forefathers, need to form and keep a perfect and democratic union. We know well and partially understand the evils of the world today. With nations ready to war upon one another in order to satisfy their greeds, groups attempting to inject "isms" into our masses and a world that has men attempting to form dictatorships, we the youth must be steady and cautious in the face of all these. We must be able to compete with other

countries and to build our own country to a strong and safe nation for the people of it. Knowing well we have all the natural resources within our shores, we must build these up and content our people. We must provide for all! But how is this to be done?

Here in America we find all our industries controlled by a small group. Some are just, others seem to be greedy and think only of themselves which is the general cause for unrest and discontentment among our people. We realize we are living in very trying times with the whole world in a turmoil. The America we must have is one which will continue to be based entirely on the Constitution.

Knowing that within our shores we have most of the benefits of the world, the American people should be the most contented people in the world. But are they? My answer is no! Why? I don't know. The peoples of Norway and Finland, nations almost entirely dependent upon the rest of the world, seem to be the most contented people about whom I have ever heard. They have little international trouble and still less national strife such as we have today. If some of our forefathers, driven from their very homes, could rise, they would certainly be dumfounded to find similar problems facing us that faced them in their time, such as, taxation. These must be eliminated.

To help to eradicate these evils our minds must be broadened to a greater extent. Now let's stop and think. Attention Americans of 1938! Forward March for the America I Want! Now remember we are infants of 1938 with all the modern inventions, facing internal and international strife and near a complete collapse. There are three major topics that would help greatly in ironing out our troubles. These are Education, Tolerance and "Watchful Waiting."

The most important and the one with which we are primarily concerned is education. I could compare the schools of yesterday to the schools of today or the schools of today to those of tomorrow. I think it is of more importance to compare the schools of today to those of tomorrow. What kind of schools do we want tomorrow and how may we obtain them? We want more vocational schools that will fit their students for life. Each student should be made to choose an occupation in which to study and become skilled. Whether it be a manager of some business or it be some other profession, the student should be thoroughly skilled and understand every part of it. This would greatly eliminate the unskilled worker and increase his standard of living as well as that of his associates.

Today when our young people are graduated from high school and find that they have nothing waiting for them, unless they are able to go to college, they must be figured as unemployed and add to the increasing number. Of course, this should not be permitted. It should be required almost to a point of demand that these young students secure a higher and better education. A student should be obliged to serve an apprenticeship. They should feel that what was good enough for their fathers is not good enough for them. It must be on-ward and up-ward!

If a youth of today wishes to become an engineer and does not have the opportunity he is greatly disappointed and disgusted. In his disappointment

he feels bitter toward the world as a whole and to societies' regulations. Often times, not always, he has a tendency to commit petty crimes. Criminal statistics show that most of our crimes are committed by youths between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five who if given the opportunity would not have been such. This proves that if that youth had an opportunity, he might have become an outstanding citizen of our country and the world. How can this so called criminal making be stopped? With this educational system in successful operation every youth would have a chance to carry out and develop his desires. This system in operation would prevent disappointment and bitterness against the world.

Also by educational processes we must eliminate certain immoral features in the world today. We should have a rigid censorship of the motion picture industry and a ban on immoral literature. Now with what shall we replace these things? By adopting a program of enlightenment, to discuss the world as a whole, to show the absurdity of war both national and international, to promote better feeling between capital and labor and to teach the people that wars may be prevented by showing them to stark realism, horrors and expense and finally by the adoption of a sensible educational program—then this must be our achievement.

Knowing well and partially understanding our condition nationally and internationally, knowing the turmoil the world is in today, we might profit greatly in the future by the careful use of tolerance. The art of being somewhat hesitant and very calm in time of disruption and trouble is very essential. Do we the youth of America know what the use of tolerance means? Do we know what it might have meant to our forefathers? They did not have the occasions to use tolerance as we know it today when it presents itself in modern wars, and general internal and international strife and friction. With our present systems and troubles we should impress upon the minds of the people the urgent use and the possible results obtained in the use of tolerance.

Of all the disputes in our country we find most prominent the labor disruptions which sweep across the country as an unseen hand, involving all and causing much suffering, and as a whole causing very deep and bitter feeling between the employers and the employees.

If, when disputes arise concerning such a very vital subject, the employees would not jump at conclusions, but rather go and see the employer and turn the grievance over to him, or a committee representing him, their troubles, possible unemployment and feeling would not be so prominent. It should be compulsory for the employer and his employees or a committee representing the employees to hold meetings to make and make firm the agreements made between them. There should not be the necessity of the so-called unions to force the employer to comply with the workers' wants nor should as a result of the influence of outside parties, peaceful workers in certain industries be thrown into chaos, disagreement and possibly to wage a miniature war against the employer. If these meetings were only held all would feel more amiable toward the other. Of course, we know how a labor dispute affects and lowers the standards of a country in such a time.

Also, we the youth and people of America must combine our international affairs with the extensive use of tolerance and reasoning. We may ask what good is it going to do us? Many may say that if we are destined to have a war we shall have it, if not then we wont. If Kaiser Wilhelm, Lloyd George, Premier Clemenceau and even late President Wilson had used tolerance, they might have averted the World War and killed it in its early stages. Instead they swayed with the public sentiment and in place of trying to end it peacefully they went unthinkingly in a war costing three hundred billion dollars, six million lives and sixteen million wounded and injured.

In our present day we have narrowly evaded another World War on many occasions. During the present Sino-Japanese, Spanish Civil War and the past Italian Ethiopian conflicts the world as a whole has missed a war by a very small margin. Probably through the skillful piloting of governmental affairs and diplomatic tact by all European and American statesmen, they have held their own people and those of other countries in check until the matter could be considered and debated on.

The general causes of wars, as we know, are misunderstandings and disputes. These have been evident in causing the above mentioned conflicts. How are we going to prevent these misunderstandings from occurring?

What is the general cause of them? These disagreements are usually caused by jealousy and fright, things that often cause more serious trouble than war. We can avert these misunderstandings by teaching our people the capability of the government to handle such things, teach them to think for themselves and their own country and lastly to try to prove to them that we can trust other countries. These disagreements cause friction because some countries are afraid they will be deprived of some colony or power. The countries of the world and even our own country are racing toward an unseen goal to protect themselves in a possible disagreement. One wants to get ahead of the other. In doing so, we the people are burdened by taxes of immense weight.

In this respect we should use tolerance. Why tax our people to such a great extent? Are we afraid of invasion and therefore must compete in this race or do we plan aggression of some country? The first of the above questions is somewhat easier to answer than the second. In the first place we do not want any other nation ahead of the United States if we can possibly prevent it. Of course, we recognize a certain European country as Queen of the Seas and another as King of the Land and Air. So it shows that the United States cannot be aggressive with such a low military prestige. But, the United States is slowly increasing in army and naval prestige but burdening its people with taxes. We know today that history repeats itself and has been doing so in this country for the last four centuries. We know that twenty years ago we experienced a serious World War, the direct result of imperialism and aggression on a somewhat larger scale than was usual. Today we experience imperialism and aggression on an even larger scale and the cause of which will bring the inevitable—a Second World War. We have no fear of invasion because we have friendly neighbors and can settle differences peacefully. Because

of the radio and other modern means of communication, we would have time to prepare for action if any country should plan aggression.

The final item to consider in the America I Want is "watchful waiting", a thing which should apply to our government, our people, our industries and lastly to us the youth of this comparatively young nation is such an aged world. What is "watchful waiting"? By "watchful waiting" I mean to stop and think before we act and not to be swayed to a side of opposition by propaganda and untruths until we have full reason to sway. We may take an example of watchful waiting in the various stages of the World War, the Spanish Civil War and most prominently in the Sino-Japanese War. We were brought into the World War mainly through the cause of the uses of propaganda. This propaganda spread untruths about the massacres in Belgium and France. Of course, we may safely say that some of these so called atrocities were true and still many were untrue. In the Spanish Civil War the world as a whole missed war because we believed many stories which were to assist the Spanish Loyalists. In the Sino-Japanese War we evaded war because we forced or taught our people not to believe all the pictures and editorials they read and about the bombings and inhuman slaughters.

Our people often time believe too much propaganda and therefore endanger the peace of our country. Our domestic struggles start largely because of this. We find in our country certain propagandists who make things seem twice as bad as they really are. In the recent C. I. O. and A. F. of L. disputes, the people of the United States saw a very active use of propaganda by which one side or the other wished to obtain the confidence of the laborers. These men jumped largely at conclusions and did not stop to think of the possible lies that they were believing. Those examples therefore show the potential use of propaganda in the United States and the world at large.

What is to be done to stop this affective use of propaganda? First, we must show the people and youth of the country for what purpose it is used and what its object may be. The principle use of foreign propaganda in the United States is to get her to be ready to defend any European nation that might be invaded by another or to invest many of her interests in that foreign country. This would assure this foreign country of double protection in time of war. In the Sino-Japanese War we saw a nation aroused by the sinking of one of its gun-boats. This report was true but exaggerated on more than several occasions. The allies of that war spread propaganda all over the world. One was to seek aid, another to get an influential ally and the last to induce nations to unite with them and combine forces. Many Americans thought we ought to declare war immediately, but our government and many of our commentators saw that propaganda was being loosed upon an unsuspecting America.

A general rule familiar to all of us is that "we should stop to think and as a result we would think to stop." This policy is known to the America I Want as "watchful waiting."

And so living in a world that is a little bit confused with mankind becoming greedy, corruption, dissatisfaction and revolution breaking out everywhere and a world seemingly intoxicated by constant strife and friction, we the youth of the America today must unit forces and uphold that which is for the right

and abolish that which is for the wrong. Ours is a priceless heritage and one that we shall well be proud to show to future generations.

This is the America I Want—The America the Youth of today wants—but above all the America we need and must have!

Robert Holden Ex '40

THE AMERICA I WANT

We all have our conception of the America we want. For some, it is hard to put into words all the fine qualities we know this great land of ours possesses. Others have, by a divine providence, the ability to express themselves in some manner or other. Some have the gift of poetry. They are the ones who can put all the poetical and musical words together to form an excellent idea of our country. Others have the good fortune to be creators or artists. These are they who bring to us all the marvelous facts about our native land by the means of pictures. They have that delightful opportunity to create all the beauty that words cannot disclose. Still others have vocabularies of so-called "million dollar" words which they can use to bring out more emphatically the apprehensions of their ideas. But the rest of us have to formulate and express our ideals in simple words, in a simple manner, and in an easily understood language. We can only express our gratitude for this great land of ours in a humble manner.

In this era, there are only a comparatively few who have not had a chance for at least a grammar school education, if not a secondary or high school education. We have had, therefore, an opportunity to study quite a bit—that is those who have had the good fortune to be graduates of today's high schools or their equivalent. We have had the chance to learn a great deal about the conditions of the various countries of the world, because of progressive ideas taught today in our public schools. Our history books have brought to us the stories of England, France, Germany, Spain, or any other country one might wish to mention.

From this source we have attained knowledge of the country, its history, its heroes, its natural resources, its population.

On the whole, we have general information concerning each one of these countries which can be used for our own immediate benefit, or any task to which we wish to apply it.

In this same manner our own United States history books have supplied us with extremely valuable information. We cannot help but realize and express our gratitude to those men who, throughout the ages, have recorded these historical facts and data. Without this we would be at a loss in regard to all these items which hold for us not only interest but value. These books to which we refer give us an idea of all the facts in history. They make us realize the conditions which led up to the occurrence of some great historical event and they do not leave it there, but they tell us the aftermath of each happening its importance not only historically, but its effect upon the people of the time and its value to those people and their posterity.

Our daily newspapers shout to us the conditions of this place and that place. They put before us facts which may be true and which may not be

true. However, there is no doubt as to their importance. They bring us closer to the more obscure parts of our own state, our country and the countries of the world. By reading these daily journals, we are able to comprehend the every day problems of the world and to discuss these sensibly with our folks, our friends, and anyone interested.

Today's magazines carry editorials dealing with facts with which we are familiar through our newspaper reading. They give us details and ideas either similar to those of the newspapers or contrary.

All in all we have many sources from which we can obtain bountiful and beneficial results and opinions.

As I've stated before each person has his own conception of the ideal situations which might exist in this country. Henry Van Dyke, in his poem "America", praises all the fine natural qualities of our country and pledges his love for it. In his poem "America For Me" he gives a few of the fine points of some of the important places in Europe but expresses his desire for his home land of America,

"So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

Sir Walter Scott's poem "My Native Land" could and does apply to all loyal subjects of any country. Men and women such as Francis Scott Key, Katherine Lee Bates, and others equally gifted, have composed songs dedicated to the glories of our great country.

Everywhere you may care to look, you will find that there are many literary, musical, poetical examples that tell us more about our native land and which aid us in formulating our opinions.

Like all other loyal subjects of these grand United States, we are, to a certain extent, satisfied with the conditions which exist in our native land. We are, undoubtedly day dreamers. We read the daily newspapers and discover what is going on in the world about us and we depend entirely upon these journals for the basis of our ideas. From the conceptions we have obtained from our history books, along with the mixed up ideas from the newspapers, we form little dreams about the country we would like to have. All these images enter our heads as we idealize our America.

In recording these dreams or visions, we give one subject the place of honor. You may ask and rightly, "What is this subject and how can it be so important as to warrant first place in all the visions we have for our country?" That first place should go to liberty. Yes, it is true. We already have Liberty but it is our duty to see to it that this Liberty is forever unscathed. We must ever place before us the goal for which our forefathers fought so hard to secure. Never forget that!

Peace comes next. In these times when strife occupies the minds of many of the countries of the present day, it is difficult for us to keep our minds on this important factor. We, the Youth of America, have not actually experienced the horrors of that dreaded thing—War—but we have experienced the aftermath of the last struggle and from what we have seen, we do not care to

enter into any other such affair. I am sure that every youth in America joins me in wishing for Peace, and the older folks will do all in their power to help us maintain it.

Unemployment is another problem which seriously confronts us today and one that we feel should be entirely abolished. The two, War and Peace, deal with the world in general, but this is a domestic problem. Most of us are still students and we haven't yet experienced any of the hardships of striving to earn our own livelihood, but we have indirectly come in contact with this great difficulty. Even though we are still students, we have eyes with which we can see and read, and we know from these sources a great deal about this problem. The unemployment problem is a great one. We are not trying to offer any suggestion about remedying it because we do not know enough about the facts. We, as the young people of America, can only hope that this problem may be solved to a certain extent before long. Please help us with this grave problem. Don't pass on too heavy a burden to us.

Crime is another issue which is ever present in the fast moving world. With the help of those who are striving today and those who are to work in the future, we must stamp out this menace. Every single newspaper in the country carries as its headline the morbid fact that some one has been murdered, struck by a hit and run driver, robbed, or almost anything of the sort. Page after page reveals some one of these gruesome experiences. Are we going to let this continue? Is this the type of material we want to have facing us for the rest of our lives? Positively not! We realize that this cannot be abolished in its entirety. It takes time, but it is one of the most important problems facing us today. We want to see it stamped out and we are not asking the impossible. We know only too well that it exists and we will do our part to help those men and women who are so bravely fighting against this ever present menace. May we give them our heartiest cooperation and join in wishing them success in their undertaking.

The problem of better living conditions is equally as important as crime. Someone might say that there is very little connection between better living conditions and crime, but surveys have shown that if there were better living conditions not only in the great cities but also in the smaller communities, there would be less cause for the boys and girls growing up in an atmosphere of crime. According to the information relayed to us by our daily journals, some such improvement is taking place but we, the youth of America only wish to say that we would like to see, as years go by, a further advancement in these improvements.

More especially we should like to see Education take its place in the top ranks of our country. Perhaps we, who have always had the opportunity to attend school, do not realize the educational difficulties present in various parts of our great land. In the southern and rural communities of our nation there is not much education. The older people of these communities have little or no education at all, and there are no facilities for teaching. The only types of newspaper these individuals enjoy are the comic strips of our Sunday publications. They can't even read these but they find enjoyment from looking at the pictures. The old men and old women, especially in the mountain districts of

the South, use the paper on the walls of their shacks when they have finished looking at the papers they may be fortunate in securing. Can't we do something about these conditions? Can't we share our education with these people?

We are not asking for a perfect nation but we do ask for one that is far superior to any of the other nations of today. We are proud of our nation. In our opinion none other can compare with it. With your help we will keep it the nation our forefathers fought to maintain.

We are the young people of the nation. We are the citizens of tomorrow. Upon us will rest the burdens the older people of the world are forming today. We have got to be ready to take up the torch they will present us. We have got to know what conditions are necessary for better living. We have got to have an understanding of our nation, its resources, its conditions both favorable and unfavorable; all these subjects which will go to make this democracy of ours everlasting.

When that time comes we shall be ready! As R. W. Lilliard says in his poem "America's Answer", which is a reply to "In Flanders Fields",

"The torch ye threw to us we caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!"

The burden will then rest on us. Many say that the Frontier is passed—but is it? No, most emphatically, it is not! Ours is the task to act as pioneers. We are the ones who are to spread the Frontier inside our own boundaries. Our Frontier is Progress. We shall strive for that goal as our forefathers worked for this great land of ours.

Youth of America!—Take up the torch!

Ruth Brooks '38

SUMMER SUNRISE

I could feel the early morning dew on my ankles as I walked through the grass to a near-by hill. I was supposed to be traversing a small path, but to me it appeared about wide enough for the field mice that frequented it. I hurried along, for I wished to reach the hill in time to watch the sun rise. The bees were already buzzing among the half-opened flowers. The birds were singing merrily, and some were on the ground searching for their breakfast.

When I arrived at the top of the hill I seated myself on a rock beside a stately pine tree. I gazed at the surrounding country—to my right and to my left were the fields, with the corn rustling slightly in the breeze; in back of me, the rolling hills, as far as my eyes could see; in front, and a little below me, the small hamlet I had just come from. The houses were few and far between. In the center, on a small hill, as if on a pedestal, stood the town's only church, its steeple rising majestically to the sky. I lifted my eyes to the background of the peaceful village, and beheld the dark green outline of a forest. Still farther beyond—the eastern horizon in all its glory, beautiful with the first rays of the rising sun. As I caught a first glimpse of the rising sun, a thin, bright, golden arc—the first yellow rays shooting upward to the sky seemed to form a halo for the church steeple, as if God Himself had placed it there.

I seemed to hear the organ send forth its sacred music to the Heavens, as I had heard it the day before.

The deep red seemed to give way to a lighter orange, and now the sun appeared to be a half circle. I felt of the grass at my feet, and it seemed to shed the dew as the sun's rays reached it.

Many times have I wished I were an artist, but at this time the desire was greater than ever. The view was superb. Many times I have risen to watch the sun rise, but none has been so peaceful, and so magnificent as this one, with perhaps one exception—the sunrise over the sea.

All too soon the vivid colors disappeared and left a bright yellow color shining into the clear blue sky—all too soon it disappeared, leaving the sun, a bright, yellow ball, to make its daily ascent up its pathway, to its throne in the sky.

Marion Richardson '40

WINTER vs. SUMMER

The two teams are lined up on the field. Winter is blustering around blowing wind and snow hither and yon, while on the other hand, Summer is tripping gaily among grass and flowers. On the whole the scene is very impressing.

The starting whistle blows and the game has begun. Winter by some chance of fate has the ball in its power. Winter is driving directly for Summer's goal. The goal has been made! Everything turns wintry and raw! Children are having much fun and are running and tumbling on the snow. Others are sliding, skiing or skating. The older folks are huddling closely into sweaters and drawing their chairs nearer the fireside.

The two teams are again at the center of the field. Winter, now sure of itself, tries to stall for time. The whistle blows and the game is on again. Both teams are fighting, fighting to gain control of the ball. Now Winter has the ball, now Summer has it, the possession of the ball is very unstable.

No more goals are made and the whistle is blown for the end of the first-half. Winter still has control of the weather. Not so sure of itself now. Winter decides to start a blizzard. The storm is raging furiously when the second-half begins. But Summer, receiving encouragement from the older folks, comes back full of strength and in the first opening minutes makes a goal.

Summer, now controlling the weather, turns on the heat. Winter is raging mad now. They must win this game! But the last half passes quickly and the score remains tie.

After the final whistle the two captains meet with the referee to decide the outcome of the game. While the conference is being held the rest of the team shows signs of anxiety.

Finally the referee and captains file out and the referee blows his whistle for silence. The field is as still as death as he announces, "We have come to an agreement. During the months of April, May, June, July, August and September, Summer will be the controlling factor. Everything will be green, warm and happy. But Winter, with its clouds, snow and winds, will gain control in October, November, December, January, February and March. I hope this will be satisfactory to all."

Margaret Boyce '40

GOING TO BED ON COLD NIGHTS

Going to bed on a cold night, to me, seems like a very difficult function to perform. When I hear the wind howling and know the temperature is hovering far below the freezing point, the thought of climbing between two cold sheets sends a shiver running up my spine.

About the time that I am thinking how nice and warm it is downstairs, and how cold my room will be, my mother usually informs me that I should be in bed. I then decide that I ought to eat a little before going to bed. My hunger satisfied, I go upstairs to my room and am greeted by a very frosty breeze. This reminds me that I didn't brush my teeth, so I trek downstairs, perform the duty, and think how cold my bed will be.

In the midst of these thoughts I ask myself the question, "What am I, a man or a mouse?" The unanimous answer being "a man", I resolutely march upstairs and slide into bed. When the shock has calmed itself down to short gasps, I start searching for a warm spot—without much luck.

So, as you see, in all probability there are people who use orderly procedure in going to bed—the weather being cold, but I require a few preliminaries before preparing for the main event.

Edward Goggin '40

"A FRIEND"

One who is always anxious to be
 Friendly and in my company,
 He is never grouchy and never blue,
 Is dependable, loyal, and ever true.
 Always on hand in joy or sorrow,
 The same yesterday, today, and tomorrow,
 The best friend I've ever had,
 My shaggy dog, whom I call Tad.

Elmer Philbrook '42

MEMORIES

As the moon was shining brightly
 On the deep and dark lagoon,
 I could hear there, crying nightly,
 The plaintive cry of the mournful coon.

How it echos in my memory,
 That weird and sorrowful lament,
 Bringing back my days of childhood
 Which have now so long been spent.

Suzanne Rounds '42

A STAGE COACH JOURNEY

On a Friday night late in the month of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, the Dover Mail Coach, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, was making its regular journey, minus its four passengers.

I, one of the passengers, was wading in mud up to my knees, beside the coach. The other three passengers were doing the same, having vacated the coach to make progress possible.

The cold air and dense mist made the darkness revolting. The steaming horses plunged into the night reluctantly. The thick mud made the going slow.

I was suspicious of the other passengers, as they probably were of me, for everyone was in constant fear of highwaymen. The three others were wrapped in thick clothes up to the cheekbones and wore jack-boots.

The swaying trees and dark shadows sent fear to my heart as did the sounds which came to my ears. Shivers, which were not caused by the weather, seemed to run up and down my spine.

It was with great relief that I returned to my seat in the coach when it finally reached the summit of the hill.

Then a new fear clutched my heart. To my ears came the sound of a horse at a gallop. It was a hoarse voiced messenger who wanted Mr. Jarvis Lorry. I looked about me with distrust and resumed my state of shivering.

My self control nearly left completely when the man who claimed to be Mr. Lorry told the hoarse voiced messenger, that in answer to the note, he should say simply "Recalled To Life." This reply startled and puzzled me.

Once more we resumed our trip. Mr. Lorry dozed off, but I, upset greatly by all that had taken place, could not do the same.

I was silent through the night, not wanting to talk with a person who might, in reality, be a highwayman, or a spy.

How relieved and rejoiced I was to see the first streaks of dawn, and familiar landmarks. Soon I would be out of this overhanging danger, for after a few miles of travel, my own home would appear, nestled in the safety of the hills.

Mary Dorman '41

ON WEIGHING IN PUBLIC

There are a good many reasons why I have chosen the above subject for writing material; the main one being that I am a little inclined to be stout.

Now, personally, my weight holds no interest for me—but it seems to for the rest of the populace. Because so many people inquire as to my poundage, I sometimes—against my better judgment—get weighed.

In our home we haven't a pair of private bathroom scales, and if we did they would probably become public when in use, so I usually get weighed in public.

Now if the scales register your weight on a card—all is well, except for the fact that I usually drop the telltale card which is immediately pounced on by my friends, who for some reason, have a wicked gleam in their eyes.

If, however, the scales have an open face I use the following procedure in getting weighed.

Coming down the street I spy a pair of deserted scales standing in front of a store. Because these scales, which play such an important part in the lives of humans, are being sorely neglected, and I happen to have a lone copper in my pocket (which, if it isn't used to find out how much I already weigh, will

no doubt, be spent on something to add to this unknown weight) I decide to get weighed.

Cautiously I approach the machine and am just about to drop in the coin when whom should I see coming but ——— who I know would just love to watch me in the act of tipping the scales. As nonchalantly as possible I walk along, only to return hurriedly as soon as ——— has disappeared. This time I step up, drop the penny in the slot, and open my eyes to look hopefully at the arrow's point. One hundred and —, my dear! it can't be that! I've gained again? I look about to make sure no one else has seen and continue on my way. "Hi," sounds the voice of ——— behind me (it's really surprising how your acquaintances pop up at such crucial moments,) "I just saw you on the scales, how much have you lost?" "To be frank," I answer quickly, "the thing said I lost, but those scales are *always* wrong. I just know I've gained!"

Norma O'Brien '40

LIFE'S LESSON

I sought Freedom—
Like a silver arrow
Springing from the arms of the bow,
Flying with the wind,
Racing the stars,
Leaving a trail of fireflies in a cosmic sky.
I was stirred by a burning desire
To live, and live alone, my own life through.

Then the clouds burst
And slanting rain fell,
In silver darts upon a grey dawn.
Anguish and distress clawed at my soul,
I fought to overcome this riotous storm.
Finally — quietly — slowly
I surrendered.
Mortified, I put on a character
Mediocre and most common.
Not me—but one defeated,
One cast down by a mighty storm.
I had yet to learn life's lesson of hardship.

But one day I shall arise
And no storm shall conquer me.
I shall ascend from the depths and be conqueror!
I shall stand—not as one defeated
But as one inflamed with victory.
Having known wind and rain and flight,
I shall stand, my soul so magnified,
That I may reach
On wings of flame,
An iridescent, far-off star.

Phyllis Dicey '39

Visitor: How far is it to Washington?

Native: Wa'al I don't rightly know, but I'll call Eph. Eph'll know. He travels everywhere. He's got shoes!

Old Lady: I tell you I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my good money for a little pig-sty with a measly folding bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country—

Bell Boy: Get in mam, get in. This ain't your room; this is the elevator.

L. Parks: You told me to file these letters.

Miss Billings: Yes.

L. Parks: Well, I was just thinking that it'd be easier to trim them with a pair of scissors.

Smitty: What's the hardest thing about learning to skate?

Freda: The ice of course!

Mother: What do you mean by sticking your finger in the pudding?

Parksy: Jack Horner did it and you said yourself it made him famous!

Reuben: (translating French) Tiens, Tiens, comme on se recontre! Well, well, who'da thunk it?

Miss Billings: Have you read Wordsworth?

Bloomfield: Oh yes, great stuff! Let me see now—who wrote that?

Just why are the Senior girls so enthusiastic about Durham?

What control has the "Heavenly" Gates Philosophy secured on Daniels?

Flash! Senior boys if you're anxious to learn the qualities of a "he man", ask Robie.

We're rather curious, we confess, as to just where McKay acquired his super-intelligence.

We're also extremely interested concerning a School Reporter who enjoyed delivering milk at the Mills Estate during the summer.

Who recently played Samson and Delilah with a pair of sheep clippers? And such a lovely curl, too.

All teacher's points of view are wrong according to Wright.

That's quite an ingenuous system Richards employs in reporting the Pinkerton News.

Did you know that a scientific member of the faculty once preached a sermon "down home". (Oh Lord, forgive us our trespasses.)

Those musical (?) seniors have gone Paderewski one better—they play the piano with their knuckles.

The hockey field and the front walk are now being used for the execution of the Lambeth Walk. Oi!

That awful noise the first period in the Senior room is just Reuben the Protogee, tuning up for the day. His range is from low C to B flat, and we do mean flat!

The problem of what to do Girls' Activity is solved with compliments to Smitty who now entertains the group with imitations of the stars.

Did you see that Fred Astaire Act, with the golf sticks?

(Add note) We wish Columbus II would discover something so we could have another holiday.

But don't get me wrong—I love Pinkerton.

JUNIORS

Caw! Caw! Although the Junior class has had no special occasion as yet, I hear that they are anticipating a year full of action.

The members of the class selected the following students to guide them this year:

<i>President</i>	FOSTER BALL
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH SULLIVAN
<i>Secretary</i>	MARILYN SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROBERT HOLM
<i>Student Council Members</i>	KATHRYN FAY BASIL MORIN

Mother Crow and the Junior class wish to extend a sincere welcome to the newcomers of the "class of '40". They are:

Lloyd Anderson of Manchester
Everett Anderson of Manchester
Robert Senter of Canaan
Alvin Chandler of Windham

I am very glad to see so many of the Junior boys on the varsity football team. "We're proud of you." That is all the news for this time.

We always laugh at teachers' jokes
No matter what they be.
It's not because they're funny
But because it's policy. Caw! Caw!

ROOM 5 THROUGH A KEY HOLE

Mr. Conner: Where's your brother today, Charlie?

Charlie: He's sick in bed sir!

Mr. Conner: Why what's the matter?

Charlie: We were trying to see who could lean farthest out the window and Roy won.

Cop: You'll get a toothache speeding like this.

R. Lewis: How come?

Cop: The new speed laws have teeth in them.

M. Richardson: I correspond with a girl in Scotland. She sent me her picture.

Ray Richards: What does she look like?

M. Richardson: I don't know, I haven't developed it yet.

Waiter: Your fish won't be long now sir.

Mr. Gaskill: Tell me, what-er-bait are you using?

Teacher: Why is the equator where it is?

L. Piper: Well, the map drawers had to draw the line somewhere.

R. MacGregor: I hope you'll excuse me; I haven't played this violin since October?

Mr. Hinkle: What year?

Junior: You want to keep your eyes open today.

Frosh: What for?

Junior: Because people will think you're stupid if you go around with them shut.

Miss Billings: Morin, we're going to study words I want you to use the word "Miscellaneous" correctly in a sentence.

Morin: "Miscellaneous"? Franklin D. Roosevelt is the head man in this country and Miscellaneous is the head man in Italy.

Mr. Harriman: If you subtract 2A from 17A what's the difference?

Charlie A.: Yeah, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too.

We wonder:

What Junior boy uses his father's Plymouth for a taxi?

Why a certain young lady blushes even when passing the football oval.

Is it possible that some innocent little pigs could have come between a certain Junior boy and an outstanding Senior girl?

How a certain Junior girl is progressing at her rowing exercises. Stroke! Stroke!

What percent of the girls in the class rush to the window at the sound of an auto horn.

Why Virginia likes "Small Fry".

That is all for now, I will meet you in the next issue.

E. Trudel: Did you get hurt when you were on the 11?

R. Durkee: No, it happened when the 11 were on me.

R. Dion: She's younger than she looks.

F. Ball: How do you know?

R. Dion: I looked on the hotel register and it says Suite 16.

SOPHOMORES

Caw! Caw! Well it's about time things began to happen around here. Why here comes Mr. Wheelock! He's going to be a busy man from now on. Any advisor of the class of "41" would be.

The Sophomore class has elected its class officers for the year. They are as follows:

<i>President</i>	LOUIS DI PIETRO
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN KISSEL
<i>Secretary</i>	MARCIA SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>	DONALD GAGNE
<i>Student Council</i>	CAROL CAMPBELL
	VINCENT CASSIDY

Haw! Haw! I mean Caw! Caw! Who wouldn't laugh, I just saw the Grand March at "Ye olde annuale Sophomore Hallowe'en Party". (The march was as long as the name.)

Well perhaps that wasn't funny but this isn't either. In a thrilling battle full of mud and tumbles the Invincible Armada of the Sophomore class met defeat at the hands of the Freshmen "sea dogs".

Sophomore Sauce

By the way, can you imagine

1. A waterboy forgetting the water? (no names mentioned)
2. Mr. Di Pietro doing the Lambeth Walk? Oi!
3. Pierce Woodward refusing a doughnut?
4. Adams forgetting his lunch?
5. Ruth Welch in on a Sunday night?
6. Scotty agreeing with anybody?
7. Jodoin in school early?
8. Don Gagne "setting one out"?
9. Carol Campbell with nothing in her mouth? What flavor is it, Spear-mint?

Caw! Caw! Now for some Sophomore Jokes.

D. Dumont: (saying her prayers) "And please God, make Boston the capital of Vermont."

Astonished mother: Why Doris, what made you say that?

Doris: Because I made it that way on my history paper today and I want to get it right.

Teacher: How much are those tomatoes?

Cricx: Seven cents a pound, sir.

Teacher: Did you raise them yourself?

Cricx: Yes sir; why just yesterday they were five cents a pound.

Mr. Crooker: How many revolutions does the earth make in a day?

P. Woodward: You can't tell until you see the morning paper.

Mr. Harriman: Fenerty did his fourth problem in a clever way. That's absolutely right, Richard.

R. Ackerman: You should see the way I'm doing the problem.

FRESHMEN

Caw! Caw! The Freshmen are now considered full-fledged, as they have been welcomed by the Seniors at the Freshmen Reception.

Oh yes, I mustn't forget the initiation we received from the Sophomores. It was grand fun and the entire Freshman Class was a good sport about it. I've heard it rumored that the class of '42 is enjoying its first year at Pinkerton a great deal.

Caw! Caw! Although the Freshmen have not elected any class officers as yet, they have chosen two temporary council members:

Suzanne Rounds

Gail Weston

As for sports, the most outstanding occasion of the year was the Freshmen-Sophomore football game. For the second time in history, the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores with a score of 6-0. The class of '42 is very proud of its team and hopes they will continue, in future years, to keep up the good work.

The Freshmen girls, taking into consideration the small number of them in comparison with other classes, have entered hockey games, and although they have made no victories, they have tried to do their best. The girls all enjoy hockey and next year they intend to make a better showing.

Freshman Frolics

We Wonder:

What there is about "Georgie" that attracts a certain Freshman girl?

Where a certain Freshman girl gets her "bumming" technique?

What there is in the library that attracts so many Freshman girls?

Why certain people always glance up at the Junior room windows when classes pass?

Why "Smittie" is so interested in the Derry Library?

If certain individuals will ever grow up?

Why a certain Freshman girl wants to be an explorer and hunt lions?

THINGS WE WISH WE'D NEVER SAID

Williamson: Did you know the library is closed today?

Ingalls: No, how come?

Williamson: Because they found smallpox in the dictionary.

Mr. Clark: What was the most important accomplishment of the Romans?

Shaw: Speaking Latin.

Mr. Harriman: There's no difficulty in this world that cannot be overcome if you work hard.

Shaw: Did you ever try squeezing toothpaste back into the tube?

Lewis: Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote Ivanhoe!

Shepard: Ill tell you if you tell me who in the dickens wrote "Tale of Two Cities."

Mr. Gaskill: What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?

Smittie: . . The moth, it eats nothing but holes.

Mr. Clark: We have heard about the duties of the senator, now what is the duty of the chaplain?

Hall: He looks over the senators and then prays for the country.

Dion: That was some fire in the library!

Pellitier: Yes, the smoke poured out in volumes.

Weston: What makes us stay on earth?

Mr. Gaskill: The law of gravity.

Weston: I'd like to know what the people did before the law was passed.

Mr. Clark: Give me an example of indirect taxation.

Rounds: The dog tax, sir.

Mr. Clark: How is that?

Rounds: The dog doesn't have to pay for it.

Miss Aldrich: What is a waffle?

Ingalls: A waffle is a pancake with a nonskid tread.



The Roving Reporter

Albuquerque, New Mexico

November 29, 1938

Dear Roving Reporter:

Concentration! This, a very important word, brings to my attention the extensive variety of things found in this portion of the Rio Grande Valley. Within a radius of fifteen miles from the center of Albuquerque may be found, I believe, the most complete array of people in the United States, as well as an unusual variety of geographical conditions. The population includes, in large quantities, Indians, Mexicans, Negroes, the good old American cowboys, and people who have come from all parts of the country. In looking over the countryside one views, within a small area, the Sandia mountain range, the Rio Grande river, the widespread mesas, and five volcanoes piercing the western sky.

In two months here, I have seen several Indian villages which are still very active. The people live in adobe huts which are very beautiful inside. The floors are either wooden or concrete and are covered with handmade rugs, which show the striking abilities of Indians in using colors and designs. On the tables may be found homemade clay pottery which has been baked and polished after designs have been drawn in the clay. Outside each hut there is

an oven made of adobe and covered with a thin layer of concrete. In this the Indian builds a fire which he allows to burn until he believes the inside to be hot enough, when he withdraws the coals and replaces them by bread, meat, or vegetables, thus bringing about very slow but thorough cooking. Occasionally one may see the Indians dressed in full costume, preparatory to some gala event, which usually includes a dance in the village plaza. The entire life of the Indian, although it has been modernized greatly, still bears much resemblance to that of the old American Indians.

Despite the fact that about one third of the population of Albuquerque is composed of nearly destitute Indians and Mexicans, this city is considered to be one of the few "white" cities in the country. This is manifested by two facts, firstly, the populous residential sections were, to a great extent, fields, only five years ago, and secondly, the increase in population during the past year was about two thousand. Most of the buildings in the city are very new, since most of the people who come here build or buy new homes.

The buildings are of one general type, with the exception of a few attempts at foreign architecture, which proves very unbecoming. The homes, business houses, and all the public buildings, including schools and the University buildings, are stuccoed. The frames are made of wood, which is very scarce here, and then are covered with either brick or concrete. This is finished by the process of stuccoing, which consists of covering it with a very thin layer of a mixture of concrete and plaster. It leaves a very rough surface which is waterproof and is a very poor conductor of heat. The most practical reason for this style is that it is not affected by the dry weather; the basic reason is that it is the style that was innovated by the Spanish in the early seventeenth century and has been carried down in this part of the country. The humidity here is very low, as is the precipitation, so that wooden buildings would dry and crack in a short time. Another interesting fact is that there are very few sharp corners on the buildings; most of the corners being roughly rounded.

This whole state has proved itself very interesting to me, and is a striking contrast to all that I have been used to seeing in New England. I hope that I have been able to give you an idea of my new location.

Sincerely yours,

BRUCE B. CLARK

P. A. '38; U. N. M. '42

Football

The Team

Capt. Richard R. Durkee. He well deserves to be the head of the team because of his service in the line as a varsity tackle. This year he was shifted to right end where he did remarkably well.

Charlie Ackerman in his position at right tackle saw that none of the opposition backfired and made long gains on his side of the line.

Elwin Baily holding down an important position on the team, that of center, showed what a small man can do against power play sent at him by big

and heavy teams. He also proved himself adept at catching the other team's passes.

Glen Wright, left guard, is another newcomer in the squad. He was shifted about a bit and was finally put in as guard where he also made up the fifth man in the enemy backfield.

David MacGregor, a heavy Derry Village boy made good as left tackle. David's first time out for varsity football proved him to be worthy of a berth on the team.

Charles Perkins held down the left side of the line and being one of the largest boys on the team, did a good job of it.

Foster Ball was the "brains" of the squad and a good quarter-back. He also carried the ball for plenty of the yardage.

Laurice Langelier, left half, made his position by his ability to block and punt with the best of them.

Ernest Barka, at the right half, small but with plenty of fight, was a dangerous man to the opposition.

John Byrne, who played end at the first of the season, was shifted to the backfield at fullback position. Here he showed that Johnny was just another name for dynamite.

Richard Smith, Pinkerton's guard at 230 lbs. saw plenty of action this year. Not a chance for opposition there.

Robert Holm, playing a relief man for the quarter-back position, though small, went places.

George Sheldon, understudy to Perkin's at left end, showed by his performance this year, he would go to town next year.

All in all Pinkerton had a team of which it might well be proud. Congratulations Coach!

Pinkerton Loses Opener To Giant Killers 13 to 7

An inexperienced but fighting spirited team went down in defeat to an all veteran team from St. Joseph's of Manchester.

Both scores that St. Joseph's made came after many bad breaks made by a green team.

The Academy scored on a cut back through tackle with Ball carrying the pigskin across the goal line.

Academy Pulls Upset by Holding Exeter To Scoreless Tie

Exeter, picked before the game to ride roughshod over a green Academy team, soon found themselves up against some tough opposition.

Greatly helped by the presence of its star Richard Durkee, who showed he had lost none of his old form from last year, the team gave everything they had and held a powerful Exeter eleven to a "no score".

The game, although it was scoreless was decidedly in Pinkerton's favor, as the team made more first downs and stayed a greater part of the game in their opponent's territory.

Academy Triumph Over Tilton J. V.'s 14-0

Pinkerton's first game away seemed to give the team the added incentive to win out.

Starting early in the game P. A. took the top hand and smashed their way up the field into touchdown territory when Ball went over for the first tally of the game.

In the second quarter, after Perkins made a sensational catch of what seemed to be an impossible pass, Ball again went over for a touchdown on an end sweep.

In the second half Tilton came back stronger and no score was made by either team although Tilton many times threatened. However, they reckoned without John Byrnes and Elwin Bailly who knocked down passes and broke up many of the ground attacks.

Maroon and White Trounce Lawrence J. V.'s 13 to 0

Another game away from home and the invaders from Derry came out on the large end of a 13 to 0 score.

Richard Durkee in this game proved himself to be as good an end as he was a tackle last year. He caught several long passes enabling the team to be in a position to score.

The first tally came in the second quarter when Foster Ball hit the line at center and went over also. In the second quarter Johnny Byrnes shifted from the line into the back field, and went off tackle for the second and last score of the game, for a touchdown.

Red and White Bow to Methuen 25 to 0

A strong invading eleven scored over the less powerful Academy team at the Oval.

All scores took place in the first half but in the second half P. A. came out fighting and held their opponents to no score for those two quarters.

The team may have lost the game but the student body never lost its faith in the playing ability of its team.

Pinkerton Academy Fights Sanborn Seminary to a Scoreless Tie

Beginning at 2:30 Saturday afternoon, those who were there, witnessed one of the greatest gridiron battles this season. The invaders from Sanborn kicked off and from then on it was a battle, both teams playing great football, giving themselves wholeheartedly to the game.

In the first quarter, Sanborn came very close to putting the ball across for a score, but Pinkerton rallied and held them for no gain for four downs. Foster Ball then got away on a quarterback sneak for twenty yards.

Dick Durkee, playing one of the greatest games in his career and also his last as a member of the Academy Squad, punted the team out of many tight spots. Charles Ackerman, at his best in Right Tackle, saw plenty of action and stopped quite a few of those power plays sent on his side of the line.

Byrnes of Pinkerton also played a good game, smashing his way through for a number of first downs. In all it was a great game and each player on the team deserves nothing but praise. This is the second consecutive year that Pinkerton Academy has held Sanborn to a tie.

Girls' Athletic Notes

At a play-off for the Field Hockey Championship, the Seniors tied the Sophomores 2 to 2, therefore both classes will have their numerals inscribed on the cup. The Sophomores will keep the cup for the first part of the year and the Seniors will take it for the second half of the year.

The positions of manager and assistant manager were filled by two capable girls, Marilyn Hall and Mary Dorman.

Thirty-eight players reported regularly for hockey during the entire season. They are to be congratulated for their fine record of attendance.

The Class Captains and Managers were elected as follows:

Senior—

Captain—Doris Buzzell

Manager—Demetra Kachavos

Junior—

Captain—Evelyn Chadwick

Manager—Virginia Gratton

Sophomore—

Captain—Pauline Woodbury

Manager—Pearl Bellavance

Freshman—

Captain—Mildred Lewis

Manager—Evangeline Bennett

Friday, November 18, the varsity was announced. It is understood that everyone cannot be on the varsity, but following is a list of those selected:

Pearl Bellavance

Kathryn Fay

Virginia Smith

Eleanor Stanton

Virginia Gratton

Virginia Woodward

Louise Pieroni

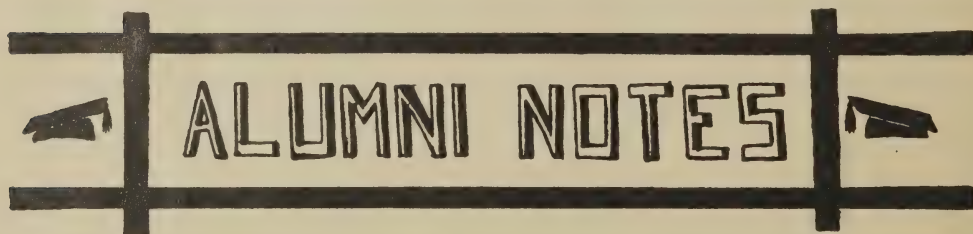
Evelyn Chadwick

Ruth Bagley

Barbara Brooks

Demetra Kachavos

To our coach, Miss Aldrich, we give our sincere thanks and appreciation.



We bet there is plenty of reminiscing when the class of '38 has an old home week over at the University, for the following have enrolled there:

Ainsworth, Raymond P.

Anderson, Charles E.

Bennett, Frank M. Jr.

Dumont, Leona F.

Gelt, Samuel

Kachavos, Charles J.

Schurman, John C.

Wells, Leon S.

Upon reviewing those who passed out of our portals last year, we find that many of them are bearing the name of their alma mater to more distant institutions of learning, namely:

Blake, Edith L. Strayer's Business School, Washington

Brooks, Ruth E. Plymouth Normal School

Clark, Bruce B. University of New Mexico

Crossley, Esther L.	Nazarene Biblical College
Fay, Wilbur F.	Syracuse University, N. Y.
Larmondra, Laura B.	Perry Kindergarten Normal, Boston
MacPherson, Francis R.	Hesser's Business College, Manchester
Morrison, Eileen E.	Bible Class, Mount Vernon, N. H.
Pieroni, Antoinette L.	Wheaton College
Pieroni, Leo J. Jr.	St. Anselms College
Webb, Maureen	Syracuse University, N. Y.
Wilson, Doris E.	Plymouth Normal School

Two of the members of this class have turned lumberjacks from Milton:

Campbell, Howard W. Jr.	Provencher, Russell K.
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And still others have gone out of state to work. They are:

McKay, William W.	Boston, Mass.
Messery, Joseph A.	Waltham, Mass.
Ralston, John D.	Fort Lauderdale, Florida

And there are those who have found it more profitable to work in their home town:

Broes, Bernard H.	Klev-Bro
Gonye, Leonard F.	First National Store
Ham, Minerva B.	Chelmsford Shoe
Johnson, Gale W.	Hood Farm
Kuligowski, Henry A.	Klev-Bro
Laferriere, Donald F.	Chelmsford Shoe
Levandowski, Stanley	First National Store
Morrison, Lucille C.	Merrimack Farmers Exchange
Niciejewski, Edward R.	Klev-Bro
Pelletier, Henry O.	Muzzey's Drug Store
Rollins, Doris V.	Klev-Bro
Roy, Alfred J.	Goding's Store
Senecal, Pauline P. F. R.	Grant's
Shea, Corienne H.	Miller Shoe
Stevens, Russell E.	Holland's Dry Cleaning
Tagney, Joseph J.	Klev-Bro
Walch, Eleanor M.	Holland's Dry Cleaning

It seems to be the thing now to have some of the members sail into the matrimonial sea. From this class they are:

Hall, Marjorie T.	Mrs. John Hull
Kimball, Marion L.	Mrs. Charles Tenney

There are always some who keep the name of the class burning at home (at least for a while!).

Bellavance, Mildred A.
 Chadwick, Dorothy A.
 Di Pietro, Harold E.
 Dorman, Henry J.
 Gedney, Edith E.
 Jensen, Douglas M.
 Jordan, Robert J.

Latulippe, Leo E. L.
 Lee, Wilfred J. J. F.
 Meakim, Samuel M.
 Myatt, Charles W. F.
 Parshley, Eunice M.
 Robertson, Gertrude P.
 Wilson, Lois B.

There are those who have gone before the class of 1938 who are also to be remembered.

Some of them, who have carried the name of Pinkerton Academy for many years, have passed on:

Jessie P. MacMurphy, member of the class of 1865, died November 19, 1938.

Miss Mary Perkins, member of the class of 1865, died June 16, 1938.

Mrs. Carrie C. Pettee, graduate of 1877, died June 26, 1938.

Miss Edna A. Clark of the class of 1888, was killed in the hurricane September 21, 1938.

Miss Margaret A. West of the class of 1906, died at the Cable Memorial Hospital in Ipswich, Mass., Nov. 17, 1938.

Many graduates have selected marriage as a future, some of whom are:

Robert Burbank, '28, and Ruth Barrington, '31, married and residing at 25 Birch St.

Louise Durkee, '33, picked from her own graduating class George Wilson. They are now living at 22 Birch St.

Myrtle Parshley also showed that she did not forget her class of 1934 when she married Seth Wing.

Katherine Fullonton, class of '34, is married to Irving Dicey.

Evelyn Frye and George Bertrand, both graduates of 1934, are married and live at 4 Ash Street.

Eileen Riley is married to Lawrence A. Hackett. They are living at 4 Charles St., Manchester.

Norma McCoy, graduate of '37, is married to George Marcotte and is living on Birch St. also.

Why is it that so many of them have "taken to" Birch St.?

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Holm (Doris Johnson), graduates of '30 and '37 respectively, pass the spirit of Pinkerton on through the birth of a son Edwin Jr., born August 2, 1938.

Several graduates of Pinkerton have also passed through higher institutions:

Shirley M. Dearborn, '33, graduated from the Boston Hospital of Nursing.

David Clark, class of '34, graduated from Park College, Mo., in June 1938.

Beatrice Bellavance and Rosaline Mercure, both of the class of 1935, graduated from Notre Dame Hospital, Manchester, September 1938.

The following graduates are enrolled at the respective schools:

Thomas Grady '36—Vesper George Art School, Boston.

Frederick Draper '37—University of N. H.

Peter Young '37—Syracuse University, N. Y.

As you recall the three preceding, weren't they all prone to be "students of books"?



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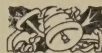
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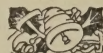
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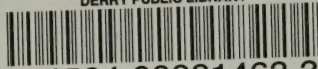


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